

The Mountain Eagle.

Volume 4

Whitesburg, Letcher County, Kentucky, November 10 1910

Number 11

Two Children Badly Burned

One Died Next Day and the
Other Still Lingers With
Only Little Hope.

Last Thursday two serious accidental burnings in two homes in this county took place. One of these was on Big Cowan in the home of Tom Day where his little two year old boy while left alone in the room in some way turned over a boiling kettle that had been lifted from the fire and was so dangerously burned that chances for recovery are very slim.

The other sad occurrence was in the home of Jonah Cornett on Line Fork where his little four year old girl while alone in the room caught fire from an open grate. Its clothes were almost all burned off, so badly burning the little girl that she died the next day. The mother of this unfortunate little girl was before her marriage Miss Dora Long, a daughter of our neighbor W.W. Long at this place.

These burnings, wherein precious little children are sacrificed to the flames, are the saddest things that can come into our homes, and whereas it seems as if parents could exercise a little more caution it would be better, yet they will occur and our heart goes out in deepest sympathy to all those who are thus so sadly bereft of their dear little ones. May heaven, whose windows are ever ajar to these little prattlers, shed its soft rays into the hearts and around the desolate homes of those so bereaved.

Thanks

Dear Editor,

You will find enclosed 25c and send me the Eagle for 3 months. G.S. Howard.

Lackey, Ky.

Italy's King Photographs His Troops at Maneuvers



Photo by American Press Association.

Italy has a royal photographer in the person of King Emmanuel. He is much interested in the camera and is to be seen almost daily taking snapshots. The picture shows the king, with Prince Boris of Bulgaria, taking a picture of a portion of the army during recent maneuvers.

Ordinance

An ordinance providing for the appointment of a police judge and marshal to fill a vacancy existing in said offices, enacted at a meeting regularly called by the chairman of the board of trustees of the town of Whitesburg on Nov. 4, 1910.

It appearing to the board of trustees of the town of Whitesburg that there is now existing a vacancy in the office of police judge, and it further appearing that there is also a vacancy existing in the office of marshal of said town,

Therefore, the board of trustees of the said town of Whitesburg do ordain as follows:

First, that John M. Cook be and he is hereby appointed to fill said vacancy in the said office of police judge to hold said office and to perform the duties pertaining to same until the first Monday in January, 1912, or until his successor shall be duly elected and qualified as provided by law.

Second, that John D. W. Collins be and he is hereby appointed to fill the vacancy existing in the said office of marshal to hold same until the first Monday in January 1912, or until his successor shall be duly elected and qualified. W.W. Sergeant, Chmn. Board Trustees.

Attest:
F.G. Fields, Clerk Pro Tem.

Obituary

Alex. Shortt, who had been a sufferer of typhoid, passed to the great beyond, leaving a kind, loving wife and several children and a host of friends to mourn for him. He lived a peaceful life and was loved by all. He was a brother of Mrs. Emily Bolling. The funeral was held at R.S. Bollings and he was laid to rest near his home. To all we extend sympathies.

A. Friend.
Aewey, Va.

THE TERRORS OF TYPHOID

By MRS. S. C. TYREE.

Dear Editor,

After scanning the pages of your paper for a few moments, my eye caught sight of the heading, "What Shall We Do?" I thought like this, "we'll read you," as those editorials always tell us something in a way that it always pays us to take enough of our time, no matter how precious it is to us, to stop and read them and not only read them but do some of our best thinking on such subjects as that old Eagle squawks out. I had not read many words until I saw the subject to be that dreaded word typhoid, a word we all hate to hear the doctor pronounce when he comes to visit one of our dear ones, although we have to hear it very often. "What Shall We Do?" I do really believe those words will bring back to many a mind the interesting articles that have been written on this subject by our dear old soldier, Dr. Sam Blair, of Oklahoma, and published in the Eagle that all might have a chance to understand more about how to shun this dreadful disease. Dr. Blair has stood on the walls and cried aloud, yes, the thing he has done is what every doctor should do, and I do hope they will give more time and thought to this matter and when they are called in to see a patient let him admonish the family how to handle the patient and not only that but how to handle the disease as well. If the doctors will do that and the people will do as they are advised that great reaper, typhoid, can be checked. But the people will have to go to work to draw the lines of the pale horse closer and they can do it. Some will say, how can we? I am not educated enough myself to understand all about these little germs that are said to cause such diseases as typhoid, consumption and lots of other diseases, but men who have made that a study for years and years know more about such than we could ever know. So I am just willing to hear what they have to say and abide thereby as best I can.

So, now, dear friends, let us begin to call to mind what has been said to us by Dr. Blair and others about how to stamp out this awful malady. We have been admonished, each and every one of us that didn't have such, to go out at home and find some convenient place and dig a pit 5x10 feet deep and erect a comfortable closet and when we have done this we must buy a barrel of unslaked lime and set in a nice dry corner of same and each day put a few shovels full of the lime down in that pit. We should

screen our doors and windows and keep our houses clear of those nasty, filthy, dangerous little pests, the housefly. We believe they are perfect disease carriers and ought to be done away with. "Someone will say, 'yes, now, I'd like to know how you'll do away with the housefly?'" I will give you my idea: Do you know where the housefly deposits its eggs to be hatched and reared? Why, if you will notice close enough you will see that they go to the very filthiest places that can be found. You may notice your barn, if there is a nasty, wet place, by close observation you can see the housefly in the form of a small maggot, and by taking unslaked lime and filling up all such places, you can kill them out. Someone will say "that might do alright for people who have money, but as to us we can't afford it, we can't buy the lime and can't take time to dig the pit." But, my dear friends, how many are there of you that read this that would not rather dig ten thousand such pits than to see your friends dig one not quite so large to enclose the lifeless form of one of your dear ones that had been cut down by that dreaded monster, typhoid? Yes, some will say they can't buy lime. Why, whoever heard of anyone in this country being buried without the proper burial material? We don't need so very much for that, as most of us like to have, although it is nonsense. The living need it more than the dead. While we love our dead

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.
Sold by all druggists, 75 cents.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

FOR SALE

The residence of H. C. Boggs, and also real estate and personal property. It is located within 50 yds of P.O. and the same distance from two stores. The residence is a good 8-room 2-story building and a good storehouse. Fine water within 10 steps of door. All property enclosed by good wire fence. Excellent location, sanitary situation, F.O. full particulars write,

H.C. Boggs, Eolia, Ky.

ones, yet we can't do anything that can change their state, so we ought to be up and doing all we can to help protect dear ones that are living.

If we have a case of either typhoid or consumption in our homes we should see that our doors and windows are carefully screened. It don't cost but little and you can even use mosquito bar instead of wire and if flies get into the sick room we should at once secure means to get rid of them. We should be as careful about a fly getting into the sick room as we would a very poisonous serpent. It means just about the same as one is as dangerous as the other. We have had typhoid in our home, some as bad cases as I ever heard of, but by some means they were restored back to health, and I have often wondered how and why it could be possible and still when I get to thinking over it all it seems to me I go down into darkness deeper and deeper and I am consoled by the thought that these are some of the things not to be revealed to babies.

So, realizing what it means to have such trouble in our homes, I am willing to do all that lays in my power to prevent such. When we have such cases in our homes we should use all the precaution possible and not use anything the patient eats or drinks from without first scalding it.

Not Sorry for Blunder

"If my friends hadn't blundered in thinking I was a doomed victim of consumption, I might not be alive now," writes D.T. Sanders, of Harroesburg, Ky., "but for years they saw every attempt to cure a lung-racking cough fail. At last I tried Dr. King's New Discovery. The effect was wonderful. It soon stopped the cough and I am now in better health than I have had for years. This wonderful life-saver is an unrivaled remedy for coughs, colds, lagrippe, asthma, croup, hemorrhages, whooping cough or weak lungs. 50c, \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by all druggists.

Millstone

'Opossum hunting is the order of the night. Wm. Johnson passed here. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Craft are visiting friends on Sandlick. We were pleased to learn of the arrival from Oklahoma of Uncle Bill and Aunt Bettie Green. Mrs. Isom Sergeant of Democrat is visiting here. B. E. Craft made a business trip to pound. Archie and Jesse E. Adams passed here with a nice drove of cattle. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Franklin were visitors here Sunday. Blue-Jay.

Dewey, Va.

R. S. Bolling and W. J. Welch returned from Wise.

Alexander Shortt has typhoid. Mrs. Jane Shortt returned to Darwin after a visit here.

John Hash went to Darwin. W. R. Bolling is having his timber cut on Bland creek.

Millard Collier, of Eolia, was a visitor here.

Sam and J. R. Boggs are home from Big Loonie.

Robt. Shortt's family is low with typhoid.

G.W. Sergeant is here for the winter from Norton.

E.T. Kiser was here. Henry Caldwell, of Pound, was here.

Jerry Hubbard was here from Laurel Fork. Earl

Returned to the Old Home.

(Written for last issue)

Over twenty years ago, without much ado about it, John A. Caudill, a son of Uncle Dixon Caudill of Sandlick, picked up his hat and with the advice of Horace Greeley buzzing in his ears, struck out for the far West. Often his friends would not hear of him for months but he was generally living in the great wide state of Texas and doing well. A few weeks ago he sold out his belongings in that State and a few days afterward knocked at his old home on Sandlick. His mother and father had to look at their son the second time before they could believe him their son. The old father, mother, brothers and sisters gave their long absent son and brother a glad welcome back to the old homestead.

Thanks

Dear Editor,

Find enclosed 25c for which please send the Eagle three months to

Less Whitaker.
Box 407 Amarillo, Tex.

Disastrous Explosion

Two Men Are Seriously Injured While Blasting on Cumberland

While a number of hands employed under Hiram Williams on the public road leading across Pine Mountain last Friday morning John and Sam Maggard met with a disastrous accident which may result in death to one or both of the two men or a maiming for life. The men had put in a heavy blast to blow out some rocks in the road. When fired the blast failed to go off. After waiting a few minutes and supposing all possible danger from explosion was over they went back on the rocks and began work with hammer and drill. Very soon and without warning the blast that was thought to be extinct let loose blowing the two workmen ten or fifteen feet into the air knocking them almost unconscious and perhaps fatally injuring them. The men are terribly lacerated and bruised about the head and face besides Sam Maggard has a right hand almost torn from the wrist. It is thought that in case the two men should recover they will each be minus an eye. Both men have families, Sam Maggard having married a daughter of the late Polk Day of that section.

A Good Position

Can be had by ambitious young men and ladies in the field of 'Wireless' or Railway telegraphy. Since the 8-hour law became effective, and since the Wireless companies are establishing stations throughout the country there is a great shortage of telegraphers. Positions pay beginners from \$70 to \$90 per month, with good chance of advancement. The National Telegraph Institute operates six official institutes in America, under supervision of R.R. and Wireless officials and places all graduates into positions. It will pay you to write them for full details at Cincinnati, O., or Philadelphia, Pa.

Cardinal Vannutelli, Pleased With America, Reports to Pope



Cardinal Vannutelli, who visited the United States for several weeks following the eucharistic congress at Montreal, will have a long report to make to the pope when he reaches Rome, and as a result the coming consistory of the sacred college may decide to name one or more American cardinals, as has been frequently hinted at in the news dispatches. Cardinal Vannutelli is of commanding appearance, standing several inches higher than the average man. The pictures show the cardinal with Archbishop Parley of New York during the consecration of St. Patrick's cathedral in the metropolis. Every place that was visited by the prelate made great preparations for his entertainment, and, according to the statements he made, he is most favorably impressed with this nation and its people.

LOCAL NEWS

Most everybody came to town Tuesday, some to vote but mostly to see the colored folks.

Prof. Geo. W. Jenkins, who is teaching school at South Portsmouth, Ky., is here with his family for a few days.

All the men who are here to boss the railroad building seem to be nice clever gentlemen. The Eagle welcomes such captains of industry to our midst.

One of the negroes slashed another across the face with a knife or other sharp instrument Tuesday night.

The latest reports say that Tom Day's little boy who was badly scalded is doing very well.

The election passed off quietly but little over half the voters in the county voting.

John and Sam Maggard, who were blown up on Cumberland last Friday, are improving and will perhaps recover.

Grant Craft, a popular young Letcherite residing at Preacher, Va., came over to the election Tuesday.

One of the costliest fires ever known in this end of the State visited London a few days ago destroying the big Catching Hotel, the occupants of which barely escaped.

The appeal for a new hearing for Charlie Little for the killing of Mat Crawford at Jackson was turned down and it looks like Little will finally warm the electric chair.

The Eagle has just bought a big new job press costing \$250. Kindly assist us to pay for it. A nice order for job printing will help some.

Millard Baker, who was hurt in a football game at Russellville Ky., last week, is reported doing nicely.

Uncle Bill Green, who is visiting in the county, was a pleasant caller on the Eagle.

The celebrated "granter" cases that attracted such widespread attention in this section a few years ago were finally argued out in the Supreme Court of the United States a few days ago. It is now up to the highest court in the land to finally dispose of the matter.

There are only about thirteen counties in the State that have failed to establish county high schools as required under the new law.

State Senator J.J. Watkins, of Sturgis, died after a short illness. He was one of the best known men in his section and was an announced candidate for State Supt. of Schools. Mr. Watkins was the man who so strongly championed the County Unit bill, so prominent in the last Kentucky Legislature.

Martha Tyree's article in this issue is certainly worth reading and re-reading.

One very commendable feature of the election just passed is there was no vote selling or vote buying in the county so far as we have the least suspicion.

Jas. M. Hogg returned from Richmond where he bought about the best team of mules it has been our pleasure to see.

Bob Day went to Virginia and invested in a fine team of mules.

Ben Holtbrook sold a good span of mules to Prince Holcomb for use in his flying survey.

D. W. Salyer has purchased a new steam sawmill.

No, we must not surrender

that old fashion know-all-about-each-others-business way so long in vogue in this country. Let others come and go but so far as our citizenship and fraternal relationship is concerned let it remain the same. Its the best civilization the world has ever seen and when we give it up we surrender much of the pleasures of living.

Mrs. Mary Smith returned to Appalachia accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Thompson.

J. Wash Adams, of Springton W. Va., is with us again.

L.W. Fields will likely erect a large business house and hotel on his lot in the upper end of town.

Mrs. Doggett and daughter, Miss Mabel, Mrs. Lusk and a few other ladies whose names we failed to learn are here with the gentlemen in charge of the R. R. work. We welcome you, ladies!

How about getting together, fellow citizens, and straightening up these awful things we call streets? New macadamized streets and nice sidewalks would bring business to us.

The new jail had its first negro prisoner Tuesday night.

Joel M. Johnson, of Chip, was here and sends the Eagle to his father-in-law, J. C. Reynolds, at Crowder, Okla.

Green Collins came over from Knott yesterday to get election returns.

A special term of Fiscal Court began yesterday.

Now that the laborers for the construction of the L. & E. Ry. have arrived let our people pursue the even tenor of their business. Have only the strictest business relations with the laborers but remember that the men who have the work in charge are honest and intelligent gentlemen and are not here to impose upon or swindle us but are here alone to help and benefit us. Rest assured any courtesy shown them will be appreciated and remembered.

D.F. Maggard, Eolia merchant, gave us a nice job work order.

We are under lasting obligations to Mr. Thomas of the Western Union at Stonega for favors shown us in getting election reports from various sections.

The Minutes of Union Association and Three Forks Association are hanging fire awaiting the arrival of our big job press. Our small book and job press broke down on us. Don't get impatient please.

Its a good time now to put out your big onion patch. Make it many times larger than usual.

The only way to get in touch with the live wires in Letcher county is to keep your subscription to Eagle paid. The fellow who sees to everything else but his subscription will soon be a thing of the past so far as getting the Eagle. This is a very little thing but its important to us. Do you hear? Well, then, heed!

Letcher county gives Powers 425 majority.

There is a mule with saddle and bridle over on Cumberland, near Partridge. Is it yours?

Mr. Bentley says that no matter how the country has gone the sun will continue to set in the west and the North Fork will still quirl its way around town.

To the Public.

have decided to furnish the

ty with their fresh beef. You can buy fresh, healthy and wholesome beef from me at the following prices: Fore-quarters at 7c, hind quarters bone and all at 8c, flesh only no bones at 12c. Call on me and get the best of meat. F.G. Fields, Sr.

Mrs. Kilbourn Passes Away

Tuesday evening Mrs. Rebecca A. Kilbourn, after several weeks of intense suffering, passed to the great beyond. She was about sixty years of age and had always led an industrious and exemplary life and no one in our midst will be missed more than Mrs. Kilbourn. She leaves one son, Charlie B. Quillen, and many relatives and friends to grieve after her. She was buried by the side of her late husband, Eld. C.C. Quillen, at this place. The Eagle extends sympathies to the dear friends and relatives.

Upper End of L. & E. Let

The contract for building the section of the L. & E. Ry. from just above mouth of Colly to a point on Boones Fork was let last Saturday to the Winston Construction Co., of Richmond, Va. The contractors are to be on the ground by Nov. 14 and the grading is to be completed by Jan. 1, 1910. Later on it is probable another contract will be let to extend the road further into the Elkhorn coal fields.

The Colored Man Arrives

Last Sunday late in the afternoon the long looked for laborers for the section of the L. & E. Ry. to be constructed along this place arrived. For about one hour the streets of Whitesburg looked like a big mining town had been dumped over on us from Wise county. There were negroes and negroes and negroes—in all surely 125—travel-worn, dusty, sick and hungry, in wagons, dump-carts, wheel-scoops, horse-back, straddle-back and a-foot. They trudged along till they crossed the bridge and took up temporary quarters on the property formerly occupied by Ira Fields. Most of our people had only seen a darkey occasionally and to see dozens of them along our streets was almost to them like going to a circus. About twenty colored women, the wives of that many men are in the crowd and a great number of dogs. The women will be employed as cooks and most of the men will work along the section in this neighborhood. Two or three camps will be constructed at once, one above town on the Jenkins farm near the Dug hill gap, and the others below town. It is understood that most of the winter will be spent on the Dug hill tunnel and other tunnel work below town. No less than two or three hundred men will be employed through the winter. Doggett & Doughty, sub-contractors on the job, are on hand and they have their laborers under good control. Work will be pushed right along till completed.

ERMINE.

Emory Powers and wife are here from Norton visiting Uncle Ed Combs. Miss Frances Blair after a year in Louisville is home. Joe, Dug, Randall and Jim all took supper with their mother, Mrs. H.T. Day, Monday. Miss Nannie Webb leaves soon for West Virginia. E. Blair is ill. Gretchen.

A Good Example

"I am a good example," writes Mrs. R. L. Bell, of McAlester, Okla., "of what Cardui will do for suffering women."

"I suffered with my head and back, for over six years, and although I tried everything, I never could get anything to do me any good, until I began to take Cardui."

"Cardui has surely helped me and built me up and I am so thankful that I have found something that will do me good. I feel so much stronger and better than I have in a long time."

It is well to make up your mind before you are sick what medicine you will take when you are sick.

Take CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

You will be glad to take it when you are tired, miserable and when life seems a weary grind. It will put new thoughts into your head, fresh courage into your mind. If not sick now, at least burn Cardui on to the pages of your memory, so that when you are sick you will ask for it without thinking.

If sick or weak, get a bottle today. At all druggists.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free.

Lester

Yes, it looks as if Christmas is almost here. McClellan Hall is ill. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Craft, of Millstone, passed here. Wm. Breeding and wife visited Wesley Breeding. Geo. Newsom and wife, of Pike county, visited Thos. Hampton. The funeral of E.G. Clay will be preached the third Saturday and Sunday in this month. The meeting will be held at Bowen schoolhouse and will begin on Friday. J.M. Clay has a new store. Jasper Lucas has moved to Perry. PBC

Everybody Needs

a good salve and Dr. Bell's Anti-septic Salve is the best. It is a creamy snow white ointment. Guaranteed for all skin diseases. 25c sold everywhere.

An 8 year old boy near Sullivan, Ind., was killed by a bullet which fell from the sky striking him in the eye from which death resulted.

Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey

Will break up the worst cold and allay throat irritation. This remedy quickly cures coughs, colds, gripe and all throat and bronchial troubles.

Two candidates for Justice of the Peace in an Indiana township are stumping for each other. One is a Democrat, the other a Republican. Neither wants the office and each is doing his best to elect the other.

For Colic

or any bowel trouble Dr. Bell's Anti-Pain acts like magic, relieves almost instantly. Also good for all external pains.

News from apparently well authenticated sources states that the battleship Maine was actually blown up by the Cubans for the purpose of precipitating war between the United States and Spain.

Cheap Imitations

Owing to the immense sale and popularity of Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey there are many cheap imitations on the market under similar sounding names, but you can always get the genuine by looking for the bell on the bottle.

The P.O. Department has just granted permission for G. A. D. McCurdy to carry the mails in aeroplane from an outgoing transatlantic liner to New York City a distance of 50 miles.

Blind

Mrs. Ellie Tiler, Ravenna, Tex., writes: I was blind as a bat. I used Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve and it acted like a charm. It cut the scum off my eyes and restored my sight. It is all you claim and worth its weight in gold. 25c a tube.

NEAR MARYHILL AVE.

Bookkeeping Short-hand Telegraphy Typewriting English Penmanship Business Administration

Bowling Green Business University, Bowling Green, Ky.

POSITIONS PLentiful UNUSUALLY HIGH


BOARD

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Save \$75! BY PURCHASING ONE OF OUR

FULL BOOKKEEPING COURSE SCHOLARSHIPS

for only \$25. The regular price is \$100. Those who bring or mail this advertisement to us within five days after seeing it and telling us where they saw it will be able to have one reserved at the low rate of \$25. Books and stationery are included. No time limit. If not ready now, buy one for future use.



G.W. Schwartz

PRINCIPAL

Brigant Spalton

BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Second and Walnut Streets, LOUISVILLE, KY.

SUTHERLAND'S EAGLE EYE SALVE Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey
Good for Nothing but the Eyes For Coughs and Colds.

SPECIAL BARGAINS \$500,000

In Farms and City Property for Sale, Trade or Rent. Why not Own Property in one of the Best States and Cities in the U.S.?

Money to Loan on Improved Farms at Low Rates and Long Time, with Special Privileges to make Partial Payments.

J. W. HOLGOMB

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Residence 1600 W. 35th. Phone 3929

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Oklahoma City, - - - Okla.

FOR PURE DRUGS

GO TO THE New drug Store

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded

Fitzpatrick & Venters,

PROPRIETORS.

W. C. DIXON

WHITESBURG, KY.

Traveling Salesman for King Bros. Shoe Co., Bristol, Tenn.

Solicits the trade of all merchants in his territory. Proposes to please in both goods and prices. Save your orders till he comes.

The SKREEMER and WAYFARER SHOES will tickle you and please your customers.

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The Minutes of Union Association and Three Forks Association are hanging fire awaiting the arrival of our big job press. Our small book and job press broke down on us. Don't get impatient please.

Its a good time now to put out your big onion patch. Make it many times larger than usual.

The only way to get in touch with the live wires in Letcher county is to keep your subscription to Eagle paid. The fellow who sees to everything else but his subscription will soon be a thing of the past so far as getting the Eagle. This is a very little thing but its important to us. Do you hear? Well, then, heed!

Letcher county gives Powers 426 majority.

There is a mule with saddle and bridle over on Cumberland, near Partridge. Is it yours?

Mr. Bentley says that no matter how the country has gone the sun will continue to set in the west and the North Fork will still quirl its way around town.

To the Public.

have decided to furnish the

ty with their fresh beef. You can buy fresh, healthy and wholesome beef from me at the following prices: Fore-quarters at 7c, hind quarters bone and all at 8c, flesh only no bones at 12c. Call on me and get the best of meat. F.G. Fields, Sr.

Mrs. Kilbourn Passes Away

Tuesday evening Mrs. Rebecca A. Kilbourn, after several weeks of intense suffering, passed to the great beyond. She was about sixty years of age and had always led an industrious and exemplary life and no one in our midst will be missed more than Mrs. Kilbourn. She leaves one son, Charlie B. Quillen, and many relatives and friends to grieve after her. She was buried by the side of her late husband, Eld. C.C. Quillen, at this place. The Eagle extends sympathies to the dear friends and relatives.

Upper End of L. & E. Let

The contract for building the section of the L. & E. Ry. from just above mouth of Colly to a point on Boones Fork was let last Saturday to the Winston Construction Co., of Richmond, Va. The contractors are to be on the ground by Nov. 14 and the grading is to be completed by Jan. 1, 1910. Later on it is probable another contract will be let to extend the road further into the Elkhorn coal fields.

The Colored Man Arrives

Last Sunday late in the afternoon the long looked for laborers for the section of the L. & E. Ry. to be constructed along this place arrived. For about one hour the streets of Whitesburg looked like a big mining town had been dumped over on us from Wise county. There were negroes and negroes and negroes—in all surely 125—travel-worn, dusty, sick and hungry, in wagons, dump-carts, wheel-scoops, horse-back, straddle-back and a-foot. They trudged along till they crossed the bridge and took up temporary quarters on the property formerly occupied by Ira Fields. Most of our people had only seen a darkey occasionally and to see dozens of them along our streets was almost to them like going to a circus. About twenty colored women, the wives of that many men are in the crowd and a great number of dogs. The women will be employed as cooks and most of the men will work along the section in this neighborhood. Two or three camps will be constructed at once, one above town on the Jenkins farm near the Dug hill gap, and the others below town. It is understood that most of the winter will be spent on the Dug hill tunnel and other tunnel work below town. No less than two or three hundred men will be employed through the winter. Doggett & Doughty, sub-contractors on the job, are on hand and they have their laborers under good control. Work will be pushed right along till completed.

ERMINE.

Emory Powers and wife are here from Norton visiting Uncle Ed Combs. Miss Frances Blair after a year in Louisville is home. Joe, Dug, Randall and Jim all took supper with their mother, Mrs. H. T. Day, Monday. Miss Nannie Webb leaves soon for West Virginia. E. Blair is ill. Gretchen.

A Good Example

"I am a good example," writes Mrs. R. L. Bell, of McAlester, Okla., "of what Cardui will do for suffering women."

"I suffered with my head and back, for over six years, and although I tried everything, I never could get anything to do me any good, until I began to take Cardui."

"Cardui has surely helped me and built me up and I am so thankful that I have found something that will do me good. I feel so much stronger and better than I have in a long time."

It is well to make up your mind before you are sick what medicine you will take when you are sick.

Take CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

You will be glad to take it when you are tired, miserable and when life seems a weary grind. It will put new thoughts into your head, fresh courage into your mind. If not sick now, at least burn Cardui on to the pages of your memory, so that when you are sick you will ask for it without thinking.

If sick or weak, get a bottle today. At all druggists.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free.

Lester

Yes, it looks as if Christmas is almost here. McClellan Hall is ill. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Craft, of Millstone, passed here. Wm. Breeding and wife visited Wesley Breeding. Geo. Newsom and wife, of Pike county, visited Thos. Hampton. The funeral of E.G. Clay will be preached the third Saturday and Sunday in this month. The meeting will be held at Bowen schoolhouse and will begin on Friday. J.M. Clay has a new store. Jasper Lucas has moved to Perry. PBC

Everybody Needs

a good salve and Dr. Bell's Anti-septic Salve is the best. It is a creamy snow white ointment. Guaranteed for all skin diseases. 25c sold everywhere.

An 8 year old boy near Sullivan, Ind., was killed by a bullet which fell from the sky striking him in the eye from which death resulted.

Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey Will break up the worst cold and allay throat irritation. This remedy quickly cures coughs, colds, grippe and all throat and bronchial troubles.

Two candidates for Justice of the Peace in an Indiana township are stumping for each other. One is a Democrat, the other a Republican. Neither wants the office and each is doing his best to elect the other.

For Colic

or any bowel trouble Dr. Bell's Anti-Pain acts like magic, relieves almost instantly. Also good for all external pains.

News from apparently well authenticated sources states that the battleship Maine was actually blown up by the Cubans for the purpose of precipitating war between the United States and Spain.

Cheap Imitations

Owing to the immense sale and popularity of Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey there are many cheap imitations on the market under similar sounding names, but you can always get the genuine by look for the bell on the bottle.

The P.O. Department has just granted permission for G. A. D. McCurdy to carry the mails in aeroplane from an outgoing transatlantic liner to New York City a distance of 50 miles.

Blind

Mrs. Ellie Tiler, Ravenna, Tex., writes: I was blind as a bat. I used Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve and it acted like a charm. It cut the scum off my eyes and restored my sight. It is all you claim and worth its weight in gold. 25c a tube.

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for only \$25. The regular price is \$100. Those who bring or mail this advertisement to us within five days after seeing it and telling us where they saw it will be able to have one reserved at the low rate of \$25. Books and stationery are included. No time limit. If not ready now, buy one for future use.

J.W. Schwartz

PRINCIPAL

Second and Walnut Streets, LOUISVILLE, KY.

SUTHERLAND'S EAGLE EYE SALVE Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey
Good for Nothing but the Eyes For Coughs and Colds.

SPECIAL BARGAINS \$500,000
In Farms and City Property for Sale, Trade or Rent. Why not Own Property in one of the Best States and Cities in the U.S.?

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Prescriptions Carefully Compounded

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WHITESBURG, KY.

Traveling Salesman for King Bros. Shoe Co., Bristol, Tenn.

Solicits the trade of all merchants in his territory. Proposes to please in both goods and prices. Save your orders till he comes.

The SKREEMER and WAYFARER SHOES will tickle you and please your customers.

Lanier of the Cavalry

Or,
A Week's Arrest
By GENERAL CHARLES KING,
Author of "The Colonel's Daughter,"
"Foes in Ambush," Etc.

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[CONTINUED.]

Synopsis.

Trooper Rawdon and Sergeant Fitzroy, lovers of Dora Mayhew, quarrel in Dr. Mayhew's home. Mayhew and Lieutenant Lanier interfere. Lanier, lover of Miriam Arnold, is ordered in arrest for disobeying Colonel Button's orders. Trooper Rawdon is ordered arrested for assaulting Sergeant Fitzroy. He disappears. Miriam gets a fright at Sumter's home. Colonel Button and Captain Sumter quarrel over Lanier's case. Trooper Cushing has a bilious attack. Major Scott, paymaster, is lost. Fitzroy accuses Rawdon of attacking Scott. Miriam's flight was caused by a thief in her room. Lanier gives whisky to two freezing soldiers, Quilman and Cassidy. Quilman finds Rawdon's cap at Lanier's house. Detectives investigate the thief's invasion of Miriam's room and find Lanier. Kate Sumter and Miriam refuse to talk about the thief. Colonel Button sends for Lanier. Lanier denies writing unfriendly articles about Button. Button accuses him of lending his civilian clothing to Rawdon. Fitzroy produces the clothing found in Rawdon's room in town. Button also accuses Lanier of leaving his quarters while in arrest. Lanier narrowly escapes death by fire. Dora Mayhew elopes with Rawdon. Fitzroy steals Lieutenant Foster's team and pursues. The elopers are caught by Rawdon and Lanier's friend Ennis. Fitzroy tries to arrest Rawdon, but Ennis lets him and his bride, Dora, go. Colonel Riggs arrives to try Lanier on Button's charges. Captain Snaffle accuses Lanier of being Miriam's thief. Miriam declares she knows the author of the newspaper articles Lanier is accused of writing. Lanier tells her he loves her. Rawdon appears and tells how Lanier befriended Lowndes. Miriam's acceptance cousin. Lowndes confesses that he caused most of the trouble that involved Lanier. He was Miriam's thief. Fitzroy is discredited. Lanier absolved of all blame, and Miriam and Lanier are reunited.

order that summoned him, and from that conference forth went our doughty dragon in search of conquest. "It is understood," said the officials, "that you know the circumstances under which Lieutenant Lanier became responsible for the money borrowed at Laramie by our friend that young Mr. Lowndes, also that you know him." There were other matters, but that came up first. Stannard knew and was quite willing to set forth with a plain clothes member of the Omaha force on a mission for and from headquarters. He found it all known to the police. Lowndes had run through the purse of his eastern kindred two years before, Lowndes had been transported to a cattle ranch near Fort Cushing in hopes of permanent benefit, but speedily neglected the range for the more congenial society of the fort. He was well and bred. He went on the campaign for excitement and took to gambling among the scouts and packers and sergeants, for the officers had soon cold shouldered him. But he was a college man, a secret society man, as had been Lieutenant Lanier before entering the Point. Since the campaign Lowndes had been going from bad to worse, had gambled away the money sent him by his relatives, and they were now sorely anxious about him. Moreover, he was needed as a material witness for the defense in the case of Lieutenant Lanier.

And even as the story was being told there came down the broad hallway from above a slender, well built youth. It was the erect, jaunty carriage that caught the major's eye. In build, bearing and gait the approaching stranger was Bob Lanier all over.

"Rawdon!" he cried. A wave of color, it is true, swept instantly to the young fellow's temples. Quickly he whirled about; courteously he raised his cap.

"Beg the major's pardon," said he. "I did not expect him here and had never seen him in civilian dress." And now the detective, too, was on his feet and curiously noting the pair. "You're on furlough, I understand, but I heard—my wife said—you were in Chicago."

"Mrs. Stannard was right, sir. My wife and her father are there now, visiting my sister. Dr. Mayhew told me of the charges against Lieutenant Lanier, and that is what brings me back at once."

"Going back at once?" began the major, mollified, yet suspicious. "I presume you know more of these matters than any one else."

"With possibly two exceptions, sir, I hope to nab one of them here."

"Lowndes?" queried Stannard.

"Lowndes," answered Rawdon.

"Then you're just the man we want."

That afternoon as the Union Pacific express stood ready at the Union station for the start there bearded one of the sleepers a burly, thickset, bluff man in a huge fur overcoat, closely followed by two younger companions. One of these latter, erect and graceful in bearing, alert and quick in every movement, with clear cut and handsome features, was dressed with care and taste, evidently a man accustomed to metropolitan scenes and society. The other, a youth of probably his own age, though looking older, was sallow, shabby, with a dejected down at the heel expression to his entire personality that told infallibly of failure and humiliation.

"Better pull off that overcoat and make yourself comfortable, Lowndes," said the younger man. "You've a long journey ahead."

Whereat a tall, spare, elderly gentleman in an adjoining section slowly turned half

sharp featured woman beside him in prim traveling garb sprang from her



THEY ENTERED A VERY SELF POSSESSED YOUNG MAN

seat and, brushing the burly man aside, precipitated herself upon the shrinking object in the corner.

"Nortimer Watson Lowndes!" cried she. "Where on earth have you been?"

Mortimer Watson wept dismally.

Two days later the colonel's office at Fort Cushing was the scene of a somewhat remarkable trial. The tribunal consisted, in point of fact, of a single man, acting as judge, jury and attorney general, of the department of the Platte.

Colonel Button was of course at his usual desk. Colonel Riggs, his jealousy regarded rival, was seated at a little table. Lieutenant Lanier, somewhat pale, but entirely placid, occupied a chair to the left of that table, with Captain Sumter, as his troop commander and counsel, by his side. Captain Snaffle was in support of the post commander to cross question if he saw fit. Barker, the adjutant, was present, as a matter of course. Sergeant Fitzroy, with trouble in his eyes and wrath in his heart, was sitting uneasily about.

"If you are ready, Colonel Button," began Riggs with elaborate courtesy. "I am, and let me briefly say that I have seen Trooper Rafferty at the hospital, also certain other men named by Captain Snaffle, but in order that all parties may be given opportunity to hear and to examine and at the request of Lieutenant Lanier, who desires the fullest investigation and publicity, I have invited you and the captain to hear what I consider the really valuable evidence. Will you call in Trooper Rawdon?"

Snaffle's face was a sight when the door opened and there entered a very self possessed young man.

"What's he mean by coming here in civilian dress?" said Snaffle.

"Yes, indeed, Riggs, if this man's a soldier, why isn't he in uniform?"

With perfect respect, at a nod from Riggs, the newcomer replied, "My uniforms and other belongings of mine were taken from my trunk in town during my absence."

"You could have borrowed one," said Snaffle truculently.

"I told him he need not," retorted Riggs. "Mr. Rawdon, you were a duly enlisted trooper, I believe. Take that chair."

"And am still, sir."

"But your discharge is ordered."

"It was applied for and recommended, and General Whipple told me in Chicago a few days ago it was settled, but that would have made no difference, sir. I should have been proud to wear the uniform until officially discharged."

Riggs wheeled in his chair. "Colonel Button, it has been fully explained to this man and to the next that what they tell us here is to be just what they would swear to before a court. You can decide for yourself on hearing it whether you wish them to swear to it or not. Now, Rawdon, tell us how you came to enlist."

"As the representative of three newspapers in Chicago and the east. They were anxious to have an Indian campaign and the life of an enlisted man described as it really was. I joined a squad of recruits for this regiment right after the news of the Crazy Horse battle on Powder river."

"Do you still hold that job?"

"No, sir. And there was a twitch of the muscles about the corners of the mouth suggestive of amusement."

"Why?"

"I failed to give satisfaction. Only scraps of my letters were published."

"What did they want?"

"Criticism principally and confirmation of the stories of abuse and ill treatment of soldiers by their officers."

"Were your letters never published?"

"Three of them were published in the campaign, in the New York Morning Mail."

Whereupon Riggs spun in his chair and joyfully surveyed Button, who sat like a man in a daze, staring open eyed at the witness.

"Then, as I understand it, you were favorably impressed with the life and conditions?"

"In spite of hardship and privation, yes, sir, because I found complete refutation of the stories about the officers, both as regarded their dealing with the Indians and with their own men."

"Were there any persons with the command who knew you and your mission?"

"Two, sir, as it turned out. Trooper Cary, who enlisted at the same time I did, and a civilian, Mr. Lowndes, who recognized us at Fort Payne. We were at college together. He and Cary became very intimate toward the last, and yet I think they kept my secret in spite of our falling out."

"Do you care to tell us why you fell out?"

"I prefer that Mr. Lowndes should do that. He and Cary had been chums in college days, and though we were in the same society, I don't know

"You had trouble with Sergeant Fitzroy at first. We have heard his version. What is yours?"

Rawdon's eyes never flinched.

"It was partly on account of the lady who is now my wife and partly on account of money. Fitzroy is an out and out usurer and has a dozen sergeants in the regiment in his debt and under his thumb, Captain Snaffle's first sergeant among them."

"It's a lie!" said Snaffle.

"It's the truth," said Riggs, "and I have other proofs. You will curb your tongue and your temper, Captain Snaffle, if you please. Go on, Rawdon."

"I had reason to believe he was squeezing Dr. Mayhew. I had learned to love Mayhew's daughter. I made Dr. Mayhew take enough to free himself and won Fitzroy's hate on both accounts."

"You are accused of assaulting him the night of the 16th. What of that?"

"I did not even see him or speak to him. I had been in town in the afternoon arranging for my marriage. Dr. Mayhew would not hear of it until I had got my discharge, but we had decided to be married Saturday morning and to go east that afternoon, as important business called me. Mr. Lowndes will tell you that he owed me much money. I had lost my position as correspondent, needed the cash and pressed him for it. He had promised faithfully to have it ready, but ready it was not. I knew of his relatives in Massachusetts and urged him to telegraph, but he said he could get some of it at least at the fort. So I drove him and Cary out in a sleigh, left them at the store and, circling the fort, spent two hours with Miss Mayhew, then, getting uneasy, as they did not come, drove round back to the store just in time to see Lieutenant Foster's sleigh going, like the wind to town and found Rafferty in frantic excitement. He said there was hell to pay. The lieutenant was in arrest. Lowndes and Cary had run away with some of his clothes. There'd been a shindy up the row, and just then a soldier friend came running. Skip for your life, Rawdon," said he. "There's been robbery at Captain Sumter's, and Sergeant Fitzroy swears it was you and that you've struck him and assaulted him. The colonel orders you arrested wherever found. The patrols are out now. There was no time to explain. I lashed my team to town, caught Lowndes in cavalry overcoat and cap, the fool, and with not a cent in his name. I gave Cary a note to Miss Mayhew, which he never delivered, and took Lowndes with me on No. 6 at 11:40."

"Then you were not at Captain Sumter's that night?"

"Nowhere near it, sir."

"Now, another matter," continued Riggs—"that night at Laramie of which you told me. These gentlemen will be interested."

"There was nothing remarkable in that. I had heard of the same thing being done at West Point. I heard in the nick of time of the order to the officer of the day to suspect for Lieutenant Lanier. I imagined that something very serious would happen to him. I knew he'd gone to the post with Lowndes and why. So, with my apologies now to the lieutenant, I slipped round to his tent and into his blankets."

"Did the lieutenant know of it or of the reason?"

"Never, so far as I know. I doubt if he knows it now. Lowndes told me the lieutenant before he entered West Point was a member of our fraternity. That was enough."

"And so far as I am concerned," said Riggs, "that is enough. Have you gentlemen any questions to ask?"

"Not now," answered Button slowly. "But I desire personally to see the witness later."

CHAPTER IX.

ONE more witness appeared before this court that day and with him the tall, elderly civilian who had arrived from the east. Mr. Arnold came in with a very puzzled look in his face.

"Thank you for coming, Mr. Arnold," said Riggs, with bluff civility. "Pray take this chair, sir. As I have explained to you, Mr. Lowndes, your nephew could not be compelled to testify before a military court and need not make public admission here of what he told us at Rawdon's demand during our journey hither. I hope this is fully understood."

Mr. Arnold cleared his throat, and he began:

"My unhappy nephew realizes with I trust, genuine contrition that he has been the cause of grave trouble, not only to us, his kindred in the east, but—er—to my military gentlemen in the west. He has, prompted, as we would say, by Mr. Rawdon, made a clean breast of his lamentable conduct and has promised Mr. Rawdon to repeat every word of it—to Colonel Button, but as his—"

"Then we'll waste no time," said Riggs impatiently. "We'll have him in, and I can catch the afternoon train. Ah, come in, Mr. Lowndes. Sit down, sir."

It was but a dejected specimen of a college bred man that sank into the chair in front of Riggs.

"Mr. Lowndes," said Riggs sharply, "there is no need of going over the entire story. I'll ask you to answer certain questions. Who was your earliest friend in this regiment?"

"The dreary eyes turned once more toward Bob, and the nervous hands started the slouch hat in swifter revolution."

"Mr. Lanier, sir."

"How came that?"

"I knew he was of my college fraternally before I entered college, and I showed him my pin and certificate."

"That insured a welcome, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. He—he made me at home in his quarters and tent."

"Shared the best he had with you—home, food, drink, even clothes and money—I'm told."

"It is all true, sir."

"Yet you quarreled with him during the campaign?"

"I lost money gambling, and he wouldn't lend me any more."

"Did you ever pay what he had lent you?"

"Not—yet, sir."

"Even your quarrel did he not aid you?"

"Yes, sir. I didn't seem to

have any friend left by that time and had to go to him for help when they wired me to come home."

"In point of fact, he enabled you to get \$100 at Laramie."

"Yes, I gave my note and he gave his word."

"What did you do with the money?"

"Tried to win back some of what I had lost at poker and lost most of what I had raised. I suppose I'd have lost all of it if Rawdon hadn't caught me playing and pulled me out."

"You owed him still more?"

"Nearly \$200, sir."

"Did you go home?"

"I couldn't. I had only enough to bring me to Cushing, and they wouldn't send me any more. I had to go to the ranch and stay."

"Did you try to earn any money?"

"Yes, sir, writing about the campaign. Rawdon lost his position because he didn't send what they wanted, so I thought I might. The editor didn't know me and asked for references, so I sent my stories—to Mr. Arnold and my aunt. She often wrote for the papers."

"Is that the way the Boston and other papers came to publish those scandals?"

"She made it worse than I described."

"Er—let me explain, gentlemen," interposed Mr. Arnold. "My sister is of a very sympathetic nature, and her heart has long been wrung by the injustice to the Indian. When this unhappy boy wrote those letters she had no reason to doubt their entire truth."

"I will ask you what was his final explanation of his need for money?"

"He begged me to send him \$200, saying he would be disgraced if he could not pay Lieutenant Lanier, who had won it from him at cards."

"Mr. Lowndes," said Riggs, "did Lieutenant Lanier ever win a dollar from you?"

"Never, sir."

"Riggs, of him, rest a minute, then went on, "Now, then, in your own way tell us what happened that night of the 16th."

For a few seconds there was silence. Then, suddenly upflung his head and looking at no one, Lowndes desperately plunged into his narrative. "I—I was mad, I suppose, with debt and misery, and I began to drink. Rawdon told me he must have the money. My uncle had flatly refused to send me more. There was left me only one way, and that was through my Cousin Miriam. We'd almost been brought up together. But I knew if I could see her she would help me."

"Rawdon had changed into citizen's clothes in town, and I had pawed my overcoat, so he lent me his cavalry overcoat and a fur cap, drove me and Cary out to the fort and left us at the store. We were chilled from the ride and, while the driver, Rafferty, told me Mr. Lanier was officer of the guard, we filed Rafferty up, for Cary had made up his mind he was going to Rawdon's wedding in 'cils' instead of soldier clothes, and he was bent on borrowing a suit of Lieutenant Lanier's. He swore he'd return them the next day, and Rafferty let him have them. Then he and I went up the rear fence and caught sight of No. 6—Trooper Kelly. Cary went ahead to 'fix things' as he said. Kelly was suspicious. Cary to quiet him told him he was Lieutenant Lanier; that we were helping Rawdon get ready for his wedding."

"He made Kelly drink to Rawdon's happiness, and drink three or four times, and finally left him with a half full flask up the row toward Major Stannard's. Then we went to Captain Sumter's. Kelly told Cary the servants were in at Captain Snaffle's. The door was open. Cary watched below while I hunted for my cousin's room. I found it easily. I knew they had sent her money and orders to come home. Uncle had written me as much. I found her desk. I knew it well of old, and then, to my horror, I heard her voice, and in a second she was in the room. She gave an awful scream, though I tore off my cap and begged her to know me, but she fell in a faint. Others were coming. I broke out of the back window and slid and scrambled down the roof to the shed and so to the ground. I heard men coming running, so I dove into the coal shed, where the sergeant grabbed me in the dark, and I had to make him let me go and—said I was Lieutenant Lanier. Later I crawled through a hole in the fence and started for the store, scared out of my wits. Light at the next gate I crashed into two men. I picked myself and cap up and ran again, caught Cary at the store just jumping into a sleigh, and we lashed those horses every inch of the way, left them at a ranch gate and ran to the station. Rawdon presently came, and he took me to Quilman. He, too, had to get away or be thrown into the guard-house."

"You have that overcoat with you yet, I believe—that cavalry coat?"

"It's all I have had to wear, sir."

was the answer as, rising, he took the garment from the arm of his chair and laid it upon the table, exposing a rent or gash, whereupon Captain Sumter took from an envelope a silver of yellow cloth and fitted it into the gap.

"This," said he, "I found on the look of the storm sack, and this," laying beside it a rusty sheath knife, "was later found under the snow close under the dormer window." Then, turning the overcoat inside out, he displayed on the back lining in stenciled name "Rawdon."

"And now," said Riggs, "we will hear the accused."

"It isn't necessary," began Button.

"It is necessary, Colonel Button. Of course Mr. Lanier will not choose to speak, but a few matters remain to be cleared up. There is yet the time honored problem of 'who struck Billy Patterson?'"

"The matter is quite simple," said Lanier. "I went direct from the dining room to my quarters. The fire was low, and I went back to call Rafferty. He didn't answer, so I had to tug in some fuel. His overcoat hung in the kitchen, and I put it on, and as I opened the back door there came the scream from up the row. I saw others running toward Captain Sumter's as I started from the back gate. Then a man, rushed past me, and then someone sprang from Captain Snaffle's porch, and I went headlong. I was on my feet in a second, but he had me round the neck, ordering me to surrender. I let him have two hard eyes

light and left. Somebody else collided with us. We all went down. The last man was up first and ran away

with the first cap he could reach, and I followed, knowing now it wasn't fire, but robbery. Then when I realized a life was in danger I remembered a

was in arrest, dropped the chase and went straight to my quarters. Both hands were bruised and left badly cut. I am sorry, of course, to have struck Sergeant Fitzroy, but the language he used was vile, and it seemed to me the only way to convince him I was not Trooper Rawdon."

"Colonel Button, have you any questions?" demanded Riggs.

"Why didn't you tell me this?" demanded Button.

"I should have been glad to, colonel. Indeed, I tried to the last time I was in the office."

"Well, gentlemen," said the colonel, "we seem to have stirred up a pretty kettle of fish." Yet even Snaffle disowned complicity. He always had said Lanier was a perfect gentleman.

And so ended Bob's arrest. Rawdon lingered for a word with Cassidy, Quilman and poor remorseful Rafferty;

then followed, unhampered even by his arch enemy, Fitzroy, who slipped away to the stables three minutes after the close of the conference. But he was not even there when, along in the spring, Mr. and Mrs. Rawdon came out for a visit to Dr. Mayhew. Like Rawdon, he had received his discharge. Unlike Rawdon, there was serious objection to his re-enlistment. Even Snaffle dare not "take him on" again.

It was not until mid-May that the bodies of the missing were found save that of Cary, Cary, who, having been given up for lost, turned up most unexpectedly the very day that Fitzroy, applicant for re-enlistment, was summarily turned down. But Cary came not of his own volition. He marched with a file of the guard. Cary's story was simple enough. Rawdon and Lowndes had hardly got away on the train when Sergeant Stowell and his party came searching. Cary hid. He was still half drunk. Some one told him of Kelly's arrest and charged him with that and with running off the Foster's sleigh. He dared not face the music. He forgot his precious mule to Dora Mayhew until next day. Then the storm held him. Not until the fire light did he summon up courage to sneak home. He had no money left and could buy no more liquor. He stole into Lanier's back door to return the civilian suit and recover the cavalry blouse and trousers left hanging in Rafferty's room. He could hear the lieutenant moving about overhead. He had to strike a light. He struck several matches, found the clothes, slipped out of the "cils" and into his own. He was cold and numb. He knew there was liquor on the sideboard in the middle room. The craze was on him, and he risked it. He struck more matches and threw the burning stumps to the floor, drank his fill, then stumbled away, intending to give himself up to his first sergeant for absence without leave. Back round by way of the store and the east front he went, but before he could reach the barracks came the appalling cry of fire—Lanier's quarters—his doing beyond doubt, and now, in dismay and terror, he fled from the post. Poor Cary had Lanier to plead for him before his trial, but three months' hard labor was the least he would allow.

By this time, too, another wedding was announced as near at hand. Only two days did Mr. Arnold and Aunt Agnes allow Miriam in which to prepare for the homeward journey, but it is safe to say that in that brief time their views of frontier life and people had undergone marked amendment, for they had found an old exponent of their faith in the post chaplain for one thing, and many surprising facts as to officers, men and Indians for another. There came a bright whirly afternoon at the end of the year when the station platform held a lively little assembly waiting for the eastbound express. The colonel and his wife were there, the former by no means the bloodthirsty warrior of the elder's imagination. The Stannards had come in, and the Sumters, Kate and Dad Ennis, the chaplain, and both doctors, and all these surrounded the brother and sister and held them in cheery converse, while Bob and Miriam sauntered, self centered, away.

Lanier's eyes were glowing as he drew her to his heart and gazed down into the depths of those uplifted to his. "That brute of a train has been late for a week," said he, "but today it comes on time. It is going to be a long, long wait for May. How does papa seem to like it now?"

"Papa is quick to make amends when he has wronged any one, and now he knows."

"Well, so does Aunt Agnes, Miriam, yet she doesn't approve."

"Well, Aunt Agnes, don't you know—she's different. She's a good deal like other women I know. When I placed somebody else in a false

tion she thinks that person ought to be very sorry for her and sympathize with her for having been deceived and misled. She thinks you ought to say how sorry you are."

"How can I say I'm sorry when I'm so glad—all glad?"

"Well, then, there's Cousin Watson, don't you know. He was always her pet. He was brought up by a weak mother and a doting aunt, and she knows you don't approve of him."

"Does she expect a man to approve of one who maligned him as Lowndes maligned me?"

"You should see his earlier letters about you. Why, if I'd known anything of them I would never have dared to meet such a paragon."

"And yet, after all, he turned to and painted me black as an imp of Satan. What had I done but good to him? I never took or won a penny of his."

A moment of silence, then the fond eyes looked up.

"You won something he wanted and thought was his. He never had any sense. Won't you try to forgive him for my sake, Bob?"

His arms went round and folded her closely, his face bowed down to hers. There was a wordless moment, then the sound of a distant whistle, of near shouts of "T-r-a-i-n!" The dark mustache, the unsinged side, was sweeping very, very near the soft curve of those parted lips.

"What ransom will you pay?" he murmured. "I've not yet felt these arms about my neck. I've kissed you, heaven be praised, but Miriam, have you ever kissed me?"

"T-r-a-i-n! Train, train! You'll be left!" again came the shrill feminine appeals and, with them, approaching, unwelcome, unheeded footsteps. With sudden, impulsive movement she threw her arms about his neck and upraised her lips to his. One moment of silence, two seconds of bliss, then Dad Ennis' voice, barely a dozen yards away, "Come forth into the light, you wanderers!" There was barely time for Bob's fervent words: "If I couldn't forgive him after that I'd deserve a dozen weeks' arrest."

THE END.

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